

Mission Questionable



Chapter One

My feet shifted to the wood's scratchy surface, next to the wet patted down cement like sand. Then, I stood there feeling the beach breeze, with the scent from the salty ocean and the sea creatures that came from it. Each step I took it went "flip, flop" because of the sandals I decided to put on. At this moment I was half-way to my salty and watery destination. The view was beautiful, the sight of the bright blue ocean. Also, I was intrigued, seeing the white foamy ends of the waves as it repeats. There it is, only a few feet away, feeling its mist. Then I stop walking, groping for the towel in my bag, the one that is small that has a tie-dye design, finally I found it. Taking grip of it I grabbed the colorful item; the I laid it out and took a seat, looking at the view of Mother Nature's beauty.

There I sat looking at the body of water that never ends, how it flows back and forth like a rocking chair. Then I heard something like a pair of footsteps that was coming closer to me. Quickly, turning to the direction of the sound that is making the noise, the first thing I saw was the person's pearly, white teeth. Suddenly, my face lit up and I rushed to hug my father, the man in the plain blue shirt and Capri's.

"Hi, daddy I am so glad you are back home .It's been a long two weeks, especially with Aunt Sarah taking care of me. So, where is mom?" I said.

"Hey, little O!" Dad replied. When I was little my dad would call me little O. It would always be a family story they would tell my friends whenever they came to my home and sleepover. When I was little my family and I would often eat spaghetti because we come from a long line of ancestors that came from Italy. So, we Italians are infatuated with it and it runs through our veins. One day when I was a toddler we were eating our spaghetti on our dinner table, the one with the red silk table cloth on it. In the kitchen there was a T.V to occupy my little mind while I was getting fed. Then for the first time I saw the commercial of Noodle O's, the noodles used for pasta and spaghetti, their slogan was "Noodle O's part of your O delouse meal."In the commercial, O was the

repetitive letter. So since I was fascinated with the letter O, I kept saying it. Ever since that day when my ears hear the commercial I say, "Hey! It's the Noodle O's commercial". That is my family story of how I got that nickname.

"It's nice to see you too. Oh, um . . . mom is still at her mission," replied dad.

"Daddy, did you just say mom is on a mission?" I questioned.

"No sorry I meant at a meeting, yeah she is at a meeting," stuttered my father, while he scratched the back of his head.

"Ah, dad I swore I heard you say the word mission. Why did you say that?" I questioned.

"Okay Olivia, since you were smart enough to find things out for yourself. Let me just tell you, to save the trouble of investigating it," my dad said, with a sigh. Then his eyes adjusted to a hazel color to a dark brown. "Hum. . . There must be something wrong because his eye color just changed", I thought.

Suddenly, he pauses before he decides to say another word. It disturbed, a bit because he cautiously looks around as if someone might be hearing every word of our conversation, but why. Then I see him take a gulp and begins to speak. Once he starts to talk, I am guessing it is safe to. "You're mother and I are . . . -

Before he could finish the sentence, bubbles began to form on the ocean surface.

Chapter two

One second the ocean was calm with its customary routine, but the next when something seemed to be disturbed and the waves that once used to be small and silent changed in the matter of seconds.

Then the object came up. It is the shape of the oval, a blue metallic one.

Once the thing began to float above the water, a person came out from what I can tell now is a submarine. After they are out of it, the person stands on the metal deck. My eyes begin to squint. It is just that I could not be able to tell if the person is a he or she; the human being is dress all in black. The black makes they look like an apparition.

Suddenly, more of them appeared and they began to jump into the ocean. After they all jumped in one by one in unison, the group then started swimming directly toward Dad and I. When the person had their first step on the sand and out of the water they peered back, looking at the person who was on the deck. The person that was standing on the deck then sent a hand signal that meant for the first person to attack us. The thought just hit me . . .

Seeing the signal, which the person in the black gave to the others.

Then I blurted, "Oh my gosh dad, that person on the metal deck is the leader and the others are . . . oh yeah . . .their minions."

While nodding his head, he said, "Yes, indeed. Now, Olivia you must listen to me, whatever is going to happen, you need to stay behind me because at any second they might come to attack or even worse take you away."

"Why?" I questioned.

"Sorry O, there is not much time to explain all of this, but please just listen to me," pleaded my father.

In reply, I nodded in agreement. Then I turned and looked in the direction that the minions were swimming from. The rest of them swam in a group like a school of black colored fish. Once all of them

landed on the shore they all charged full speed ahead towards us. I at that moment I wanted to scream, but I couldn't because of the shock and fear I had. The minions were closing in on us and I was standing behind my father as he ordered me to do.

Suddenly, the first reached my father with a needle, but before he can stab him with it, my father clasped on his hand and kicked him in the stomach. That led him to fall flat on the ground. More started to surround my father and I. Then I kept on watching my dad do more tricks, kicks and more punches. All of a sudden, I felt my arm with a lot of pressure, taking a glimpse I saw my peachy arm, but when caught I better look, I began to see a patch of black, noticing it is a minion who caught my arm. Now it is tugging me farther away from my dad. I screamed.

"Olivia, defend yourself," yelled father, fighting the minions off.

So, I did by kicking him hard in the shin. Grunting, he slapped me on the cheek. It stung, but it not matter because the minion threw another one that made it sting even more. At that moment I wanted to do what any six year old would have done, have their mommy or daddy protect them or have their shoulders to cry on. Sadly, that wish could not have been granted. Finally, my last option was to throw all their anger on the person who made you mad at. After I decided what to do, I yelled, pounced on him, and started to throw punches. When I was still replaying punches, the minion was able to nudge me in the stomach like my dad probably did with his friend. That move just got me so furious that I just finally pinned the minion and put my cold finger on their pressure point. The pressure point just made him faint. I sighed in relief knowing now the fight is over. When I was about to leave something shined from that minions shirt.

As I inspect the item it appeared like a broach. It had a black heart with three gold colored swords stabbed in the heart. To me it was a nice shiny item so I put it in my pocket as a souvenir. Since my job here was done I ran back to where I was supposed to be.

While running back, something stabbed me. Glancing at the hamstring, there was a dart sticking in my leg. After the realization I pulled it out, before it can do any more pain. After that I forge ahead to

my desired destination, then the next thing that happened was I dropped the ground, feeling so fatigue and watching my dad get taken away from the group of minions. The last word I yelled out was . . .

“Dad!”

Before everything turned pitch black.

Chapter 3

“Beep, Beep” went my alarm. As I slammed the alarm clock, I rubbed my blue eyes. Went to the bathroom and did my customary routine. After that I headed down stairs.

“Morning, Olivia,” said Aunt Sarah, with a fake smile.

“Morning,” I replied in the same fake cheery voice as her too. After all our talking was done, I stuffed my face with an egg omelet, and a blueberry muffin. My tummy was now full. Walking outside the house, I waited until the school bus came. Time passed, first five and then ten. Finally, it came. Getting into the bus is fun, seeing all my friend’s happy faces, as you stroll by to your seat. Arriving to my spot, a face appears in my eyesight, its Alexander, but people call him Alex for short.

“Uh, waiting for the bus is so boring,” I wined.

“Well somebody got up on the wrong side of the bed,” said Alex.

“Sorry.”

“That’s okay; I actually find it funny when you do that. It reminds me how you would act that way in kindergarten,” replied Alex, with a little grin.

We both talked for a while until, the bus to an abrupt stop. The eighth graders behind us got off the bus and went to our small, baby blue, lockers. A couple of periods passed, then the to have lunch came. Once again I sat next to Alex, the guy with jeans and a Hollister sweatshirt. In the cafeteria.

“Okay, you and Aunt Sarah . . .” trialed off Alex.

"It's simple she does not like me. Plus the only reason why she would have took care of me was because of the money," I replied, and shook my head with annoyance. Knowing that is not what a real aunt would do.

"Money!" exclaimed Alex.

"Can you quiet down there are other tables around us," I scolded. Then sipping my soda I was wondering wither it is a good call to say anything about my dream last night.

"Wait who gave the money?" Questioned Alex.

"The government."

"Why?"

"i.d.k," I answered.

Then a flashback came to me, remembering that I heard this conversation when I was six years old. Remembering that I heard the conversation between my Aunt Sarah and the two men in the black suits. They were asking my Aunt that could sign this certificate declaring that she would be my guardian, but she refused and rambled on about how mischievous I am . My Aunt's ramblings stopped until, those men took out their leather suit case and used that money to bribe her to take care of me. Quickly, she agreed with no questioning of the money. Both, Alex and I know why Aunt Sarah is taking care of me is because my parents are missing.

Chapter 4

The bell rings, notifying that I must leave my thoughts behind and concentrate on my next class. More classes passed and then the final bell rung. Soon the hallway was flooded with students, thankfully it was quick to pack up and leave to go to the bus. When I got on the yellow vehicle Alex was already on it.

"Do you think we can go to our hangout today?" asked Alex, playing with the zippers on his red backpack.

"Yeah . It is not like my Aunt Sarah would care," I muttered.

“Okay.”

When Alex and I got off the bus, we both raced each other to our fort, who ever won the race had says what they want as their prize, except for money. We ran pass our checkpoint, the playground and then I saw Alex a couple feet away. In seconds I was already panting, luckily Alex started slowing down. All of a sudden, a rush of wind goes through my body because of my sprinting. Looking behind seeing Alex facial expression, he runs full speed ahead to try beat me, but I already got to the fort.

Finally, he stops and walks the rest of the time. Running up to him, I said, “Who’s the winner? Olivia!”

“Okay, winner declare your prize?” said Alex, bowing down at me as his queen.

“Uh . . . oh got it,” I exclaimed, snapping my fingers in realization.

“My yearning prize is a pig-back ride from you, back home,” I said continuing my sentence.

He glares at me with his Hershey colored eyes, as he was trying to say *seriously*. Then my glare replies *yup*.

Once we have confirmed my prize, we stayed in our fort and talked for a long period of time. At the time we spoke, I nestled into his arm. Then he wrapped his arms around me

Suddenly, I thought of what to talk about after that awkward silence. So, then I asked, “Truth or Dare.”

“Truth.”

“Tell me who you like.”

“Do I have to?”

“Yeah!”

“Just give me another question.”

“Come on I’m like your sister, you can tell me anything,” I explained.

“Okay, if you really want to know it is uh . . . um . . . Caitlyn,” stuttered Alex.

“Wow, Caitlyn, the most popular girl in the seventh grade. You see that wasn’t so hard to say,” I said, with a grin.

"Yeah, I guess," Alex mumbled.

After that conversation, it was time we decided to go back home. Plus it is getting late. So, we both started to walk back home until, I reminded him about my prize. Grouching to the ground, I got on his back. He grunted, but having a down pat on how Alex is, I knew he was joking. We headed back home, but half way through the woods we stopped. I saw a piece of paper stapled on the maple tree. Then, I commanded him to stop. I got off his back, and ripped the tan colored paper once I saw my name on it. It said . . .

Dear Olivia Taylor,

Hi. You don't know , but I know you. You're probably thinking, who are you and why are you writing to me .Well, sorry this no time for introducing myself, but I do have some valuable information that you might want like .. .

Where are your parents? And who your Aunt Sarah really is?

Meet me in the warehouse of stuffed animals (at 10:00pm sharp), if you want some of your questions answered.

Chapter 5

I stand there in silence, after both of us were done reading that letter.

"Your probably going to that warehouse, aren't you?" assumed Alex.

Before answering his question, I looked around us. To see if any one was stalking us, but there seems to be no one to be seen.

After shoving the mysterious letter in my skinny jeans, both of us then continued on our way home (on his back).

Finally, we were a few feet away from Aunt Sarah's house, the one with brown roof.

"I'll talk to you later on my cell phone," I asserted.

"Okay, but what for."

"You'll see."

As I went back home after hanging out with Alex is fun. Cause I get to climb the tree and land on my balcony. I'm here in my room, without being detected by Aunt Sarah.

In my room, there are different shades of blue. That is obviously because I love blue. After I admired my blue room and everything in it. Then I walked into my bathroom, I began to take a shower. In there, I was thinking about all past events like the letter, lunch time at school, and my entire dream. Still questioning whether it was real or not.

Then, I dressed myself in casual clothes, such as jeans, a nice top, and different colored converse. Next I called my buddy, Alex, telling him everything that occurred in my dream.

After he took all the information in, he asked, "Do you have the pin, you know the one with the heart and the three swords in it."

"Okay, I'll check right now."

Silence was all we had for the past couple of minutes on both ends of our phones. Until, I exclaimed, "Got it!"

"Good. Does it look exactly like the one in your dream?"

"Yup."

"Interesting. sorry ,Olivia, but my mom is calling me to have diner. So, I best be going."

"Guessing, I should be too."

"Beep, Beep," the cell phone went as I hung up the phone.

Then headed down stairs to have some diner too. I ended up making a sandwich, a peanut butter and jelly to be exact. It was yummy. Checking the time, I saw it was only 7:30 pm. The rest of time was spent in my room doing my homework (which was really easy and quick), then I listened to the radio, cleaned my closet, and doodled. This time when I looked at the clock, on my radio it was 9:47 pm.

Assuming that there might be a possibility of me getting late, I left home. Good thing the ware house is just blocks away or else I would be tardy. Finally, my arrival was early, by five minutes I knew that because I was wearing a digital watch.

Waiting there reminded me being at the little kid's section in a dentist or doctor's office because of the stuffed animals and the sweet, corny saying they had on them like . . .

"A hug a day keeps the heart doctor away."

My phone vibrated in my pocket signaling it is 10:00, but no one seemed to appear. Then two minutes later, I heard thuds from boxes falling off their assigned stack.

Jumping to my feet I looked at the direction where I seen one of the boxes fall, but I didn't dare to go near there. So, I began rummaging through my backpack and took a small wooden bat, to defend myself.

Then somebody came out of the clump of boxes. Dropping my bat, it made a sound like dropping a hand full of metal nails on the ground.

Chapter 6

"What on Earth are you doing here?" I asked, looking puzzled.

"I just wanted to find out if you were safe," said Alex.

"How did you know I would be here Alex?" I questioned him again, while picking up my bat.

"Cause, I know how you are and knowing you would do anything to just see them again," he replied.

"Sorry, it is just I so stressed and- "Olivia, let me interrupt you tell you what I wanted to tell you all along. I like you like a lot."

There standing still like I am frozen, having no words to say anything. All I'm able to do at this moment in time is think . . . while I am walking away, to go back home.

Eventually, I got home, and went straight to bed. Sadly, it was so hard to go to sleep. Every thought and event came to me. Getting out of my bed, I fixed the laces on all my converse to make time pass and get sleepy. Hopping on my bed, I turned on my T.V, watched a movie, and fell asleep.

Next morning, I headed down stairs, for breakfast I made bacon and eggs.

“Clonk, clonk, clonk,” went Aunt Sarah’s ridiculous red shoes.

“Well, someone had an interesting conversation last night with their boyfriend,” snarled my Aunt.

“Alex is not my boyfriend. Plus who gives you the right to eavesdrop on my conversations.”

“But, I’m your guardian; it is my right to know what is going on in your life.”

“Yeah, like you care about me.”

“True, but I can always say you need a little help.” She said, while tapping on her head. I response I just give her a puzzled look.

Like yesterday, the morning was the same, except being on the bus with Alex. It was just awkward silence between us. In school, first and second period classes were done. Then third period came, while my favorite teacher was in the middle of his lesson.

The loud speaker turned on and said, “Please send Olivia Taylor to the office she is leaving early.”

So, I left my third period class, and walked down to the office. Getting there the first thing I saw was her face and the fake smile plastered all over it.

“Hi, sweetie”, exclaimed my Aunt, while giving me a hug.

“Hi.”

Then we both walked silently to the car. Slamming the door behind me, Aunt Sarah began driving.

In her car, I started looking at myself in the rear view mirror. Suddenly, my Aunt exclaimed, “Ew, I would not dare to look at the mirror if I were you cause I would be scared to make it shatter.”

“Well at least I’m not a type of person tries to make myself look like a good person in the public when I am actually not.”

She turned quiet. After that I asked, “Where are we going?”

A grin appeared on her face and replied, "Oh, Olivia remember when I said to you that you might need a little help . . . well I got you some."

"What are you talking about?"

"I am sending you to a metal hospital. No you don't need to thank me."

"Good, because I am certainly not going to .Why are you sending me here I am not crazy and I know that for a fact."

"Hmm . . . you sure after that dream I heard you had. You did sound you were on something."

Finally, we arrived I saw the hospital. It was in the middle of a forest.

"Come on lets go inside and check you in," cheered my Aunt.

In response I stamp my foot in refusal.

"Huff, I knew you're going to be stubborn once you found out," she continued.

"Fine if you want me out I'll go."

"Really."

"Yeah, but not here." Then I ran out of the car into the woods where no one can be able to find me. Suddenly, Aunt Sarah screams, "Help a patient is escaping."

I don't look back instead I keep on running farther into the woods. Until, I ran out of breath and took a break. All of a sudden, I started feeling stabbing pain and then, everything I used to see was all gone.

Chapter 7

Next day, I woke up in the afternoon. In a room it was blue like my room, but I knew I was not home. Also, I noticed I am not in the same clothes as yesterday, the only thing that stayed with me was my blue converse. After getting up, I walked and opened the door. Getting out of what I know is now my room because it said Olivia with big black letters.

In the hallway was another person, assuming that person was a patient I came up them and greeted myself. She greeted me back, and then said her name was Cathryn. Also, I learned that she would be my guide to follow my daily schedule until, I got the hang of it. Waking up in the middle of the afternoon it is bound to be lunch time.

I followed her there, and join her assigned lunch table. Then Cathryn said, “ Olivia, meet Rosie, Joey and Brice.” After that I began to eat my lunch, I was served on line. It looked like slop, but I began eating it anyway. While eating I was also, examining all their faces. Noticing Rosie had tint of red cheeks, Joey having blond hair (like me), Brice having green eyes, and Cathryn having tan skin.

“So, what is your story?” questioned Brice.

“Um . . . My Aunt thought I was crazy because of the dream I had.”

“ What was your dream about?” asked Rosie.

“Well it was about my father trying to tell me what he was, but then he could not because minions came out of this submarine, and took him away.”

“Did one of the minions have a logo on their clothes?” said Joey.

“Yes. How did you know that?”

“Sorry, we do not know how to tell you this so we are just going to say it your parents are spies,” concluded Cathryn.

“No that can not be true.”

“Olivia listen to me. Have you ever wondered how your parents do anything, that you did not know they were able to do?” continued Cathryn.

Then flashbacks came to me like my dad fighting off those minions and my mom kicking the soccer ball high in the air at the park one time.

“One thing, I have to ask you guys. Why are you here if you seem really normal?”

They all look at each other. Leaning closer to me Rosie says, "All of us are here because of our parents, they are all spies. So, this metal hospital is run by minions because they want to capture all the future generations to put a end in put an end in our association. To carry on theirs."

"Who runs this minion association?"

"Sarah Taylor, your Aunt."

"I knew all along there was something sinister about her."

The rest of the day went fast and it was time for all of us to stay in our room and go to bed. When we are in our rooms the doors are shut for the rest of the night. In my new room I stay there in my bed trying to sink in all the information I got. All of a sudden, I hear noise near my room's wall like someone is cutting wood with a saw. I look at the wall and then, I see outlines of a circle and dust forming its own cloud.

Finally, the whole circle is cut out and the person comes out of the other end is Brice.

"Hey, mind if I come in," said Brice.

"I guess not if you are going to make door in here without my permission."

"Sorry."

"No offense, but why are you here?"

"Okay, remember someone wrote a letter to you?"

"Yeah."

"That was me."

"If it was you, how come you were not at the warehouse?"

"Cause you're Aunt somehow found out what I was up to. Got her minions, to take me away to this place while I walking to the warehouse."

Great , now I have more information to sink in my brain. There was silence between both of us. Then Brice said, "You know I have a plan for you to escape from here and find your parents too."

"Really."

“ Yes, indeed.”

“Let’s talk about it tomorrow.”

“Agreed.”

Chapter 7

The next day at breakfast we had everything figured out. I ended up getting left over gadgets such as a GPS (which is solar powered), mini grappling hook, and a little dagger.

Today is the day we escape from this nasty place. The plan starts at 1:30, looking at the clock it stopped signifying that it is time.

So, we made the toaster in the cafeteria’s kitchen go on fire. The fire appeared very harmful, but beautiful as well. It had the colors of red, orange, and yellow, but blended into one like a woven tapestry. Once we let it burn things for a couple of seconds, Rosie hollered, “Fire!”

Suddenly, the minions that were guarding us scrambled around not knowing what to do. After, our distraction was set we left the cafeteria, then headed to the entrance of the hospital. Taking out the grappling hook, I swung it around and broke the window, we got out. Eventually, we got my home and got in my special way into the house. Getting inside one by one, we all went straight to Aunt Sarah.

“Oh, look the group of patients escaped,” said my Aunt.

“ Show us where Olivia’s parents are,” demanded Cathryn.

“Fine, follow me.”

All of us followed her, down the steps and into the basement. Then we all arrived to the end of the basement, there Aunt Sarah had her crusty hand scanned on the transparent circle. That caused a door to open.

Why couldn’t I figure that out. They were here all along.

The door that just opened led us was a dungeon. There I saw two people lying there on the ground.

Chapter 7

"Mom, Dad," I exclaimed. They both appeared bloody near their stomach, the cut seemed so big it looked impossible to heal, but I still have hope and I can not lose them now. Both of them had no verbal response because they have duck tape on their mouth. I ripped it off their faces, they screamed.

"Olivia, is that really you?" asked dad.

"Yes, and you and mom are alive."

"Aw, sorry to interrupt, but you do know that I am not going to let them go," stated my Aunt, grabbing a knife ready to stab me. All of a sudden, Joey got a glass bottle, and cracked it on my Aunt's head. She collapsed on the ground. Everyone in the room shot him a look.

"You see, it does not only work in the movies, it works in real life too," explained Joey.

"Thanks," I replied.

"No problem."

"Now, let's call the ambulance."

"Roger that," responded Rosie.

While we waited for the ambulance, I stayed in the same room as my parents. Beginning to talk to them, my dad started hyperventilating, I screamed for help, but no one came to help. Next I tried to do everything I could probably think of to save him, but then his body was still as statue. As I checked his pulse tears poured from my sky blue eyes. When I look back at my mom she already passed too. After knowing they were both dead I closed their eyes and hugged them for the last time. Running up stairs, tears kept on coming and dripping down my cheeks.

Then in the kitchen there was no sign of Brice, Cathryn, Rosie, and/or Joey. Peering outside the door, I saw Joey and Rosie having silver, glossy cuffs on their hands. They were both being escorted by two men in black into a dark car. What I found really odd was they did not fight to set themselves free. All of a sudden another thought popped into my head

Where are Brice and Cathryn?

As I am drowned in my own pool of thoughts, one of the men in the suits came in and put hand cuffs on my back. Before the guy can be able to put both of the cuffs of them fully on my peachy hands. I grabbed his gun and hit him on the back of the head. He dropped to the ground, now realizing there was no point of me being here anymore, I decided to leave my home, but before I did I brought a couple of important items with me.

As I ran out of my house, I quickly came to a stop when someone grabbed me by the hand and covered my mouth.

